THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 24. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1870. Price TWOPENCE.

Here and There.

A MEETING of Irish Members of Parliament was held on Thursday in the tea-room of the House of Commons; and, after some discussion, they arrived at the determination to give unanimous support to Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill on the second reading. Under these circumstances, there can be little doubt that the measure will go into committee unopposed.

A meeting of the sub-committee for carrying out the proposal to erect a statue in London in memory of the late Earl of Derby was held on Thursday at the Burlington Hotel, Sir John Pakington, M.P., presiding. Some routine business having been transacted, it was decided that the first list of subscriptions should be published in the course of a few days. Mr. Disraeli was unable to attend the meeting in consequence of his recent indisposition. A long list of subscriptions to the fund was announced.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales honoured the performances at the Haymarket Theatre with their presence on Thursday night. During the evening his Royal Highness sent for and congratulated Mr. Sothern upon his recovery from his late accident while hunting.

When Mr. Forster's Bill becomes law, we may reasonably hope that applications for the place of industrial teacher in a workhouse will gradually cease to be made in such a form as the following:—

"fab 4 1870. Sir I Offer mysilf to you for that place to the board which I am wall quilfide for my adge is 402."

The above application was forwarded the other day to the Truro Board of Guardians.

Once when thieves entered the rectory of the late Rev. Charles Townsend, the octogenarian rector of Kingston-by-Sea, taking everything of value that they could find, the rev. gentleman found solace in the following epigram:—

"They came and prigg'd my stockings, my linen
and my store;
But they couldn't prig my sermons, for they
were prigg'd before."

We are requested to state that the facts and anecdotes mentioned in the *Dumfries Standard* concerning Mr. Carlyle, and copied into several journals, are altogether erroneous. Not one of Mr. Carlyle's friends, least of all Mr. Ruskin, has been alienated by his "gloom and moodiness." Mr. Carlyle has no Scotch servant, and no secretaries. He has disused for many years his study at the top of his house, and his niece resides with him. What truth there may be in the remaining story of the "American author of eminence" is, of course, unknown, but may be not unfairly presumed from the character of the rest of the statements of the correspondent of the *Dumfries Standard*.

Mr. T. A. Houblon, of Christ Church, has given such universal satisfaction since he has been stroke of the Oxford eight, that it is most probable he will be intrusted with that important post on the day of the race, which still stands for Saturday, April 9.

The following private circular was sent to the friends of a widow who keeps a small shop in the country, and who is on the eve of marriage:—

"We shall be pleased with the honour of your company at our marriage at ——, on the —— inst, which will take place at —— Church, at —— o'clock. Your reply per return will oblige yours, very truly,

——— (the bride)
——— (the bridegroom).

"*Habit noir, pantalon noir, gibet blanc ouvert, cravate blanche.*"

Speech is silvern, silence golden. The proprietor of a travelling menagerie was negotiating the sale of an elephant. In the yard where the beast was located, and where he was awaiting the purchaser, he observed a man walking round the elephant and examining him with the closest attention. Drawing him hastily on one side, the proprietor whispered, "Say nothing about it until after the sale;" pressing at the same time a "fiver" into his hand. The man nodded and withdrew. After the sale had been satisfactorily concluded, the ex-proprietor beckoned the silent critic, and asked, "How did you discover that he was wrong in the off hind leg? I thought I had effectually concealed it." "I never discovered nothing," answered the sage; "I had never seen a elephant afore, and was a-trying to make out which was head and which tail."

Fragment de discussion conjugale:—

"Madame, vous allez me faire sortir de mon caractère."

"Sortez-en, monsieur, vous ne pouvez qu'y gagner."

Grandmamma," asked a little "cullur'd pusson," "if Adam and Eve were white, as the padre says, how did we come to be black?" "Little goose!" answered Aunt Chloe; "don't black chicks come out of white eggs?"

Madame G. has the habit of imprisoning her little feet in shoes even too small for their contents. She was at a ball the other night, and, suffering terribly from the result of her pretty vanity, retired to a sequestered sofa and *déchaussa son pied droit*. An admirer had seen the manœuvre, and with great dexterity made himself master of the adorable trophy, for the purpose, no doubt, of attaching it to his watch-chain. As he was making off with his plunder, however, Madame G. called after him—"*Monsieur, vous oubliez aussi la botte de mon mari.*" The culprit stopped short, gave up the spoil, and sent for a cab.

"You admit, then," said the worthy magistrate, "that you have been engaged in the manufacture of bad money?"

"What was I to do?" inquired the prisoner; "I hadn't a chance of touching any of the good."

In 1825, the price of real natives was 19s. per bushel. *Now*, you eat half-a-dozen, and get threepence change out of half-a-sovereign. Though apparently so reluctant to leave their beds, they understand the art of getting up with a vengeance.

"Joseph," dit Madame Prudhomme à son mari, "voudrais-tu m'expliquer ce que tu entends par le char de l'Etat?"

"C'est le nom qu'en politique courante nous donnons au véhicule gouvernemental. La forme varie d'ailleurs suivant les pays. En Angleterre, par exemple, ce n'est pas un char, c'est une victoria!"

"Sit there, my love," said a worthy butcher, hoisting his good lady, an enormously fat matron, into the only vacant place in a "Royal Blue." "I am sure this gentleman," addressing her next neighbour, "will kindly give an eye to you, when he knows you are subject to epileptic fits." The gentleman plunges wildly out of the conveyance, and the tender husband, with a grin, takes his place.

C'est au temple de la littérature, au café de Madrid, on parlait d'un camarade:—

"Pourquoi diable ne signe-t-il pas ses articles?"

"Il les signe de ses initiales."

"Comme s'il marquait son linge."

"Justement, puis qu'il croit qu'ils doivent faire des serviettes."

Mr. Williams, of Pwll-y-Pant, Caerphilly, has just left to that poor but deserving nobleman, the Marquis of Bute, the sum of £200,000.

At a provincial ball:—

FEMALE PARTNER.—How warm you look, Mr. Swetenham!

MALE DITTO.—Don't be uneasy, Miss. I wear flannel.

A summons has been granted against the printer and publisher of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for a libel on Mr. Dion Boucicault. The libeller is the well-known Azamat-Batuk, and the subject of his criticism was the still better known Formosa.

"Ah, Mr. Drone!" said a devout parishioner to his clergyman; "you be the passon for me. When I see you go up into t'pulpit, I puts my feet on t'seat, I leans back, shuts my eyes, and then I hears you go buz, buz, buz, and thinks o' nothing."

The Forth salmon fishing opened last week. On the first draught of the net below the Cruives, ten salmon were taken, including one of unusual size. This noble fish measures 4ft. 2in. in length, with a girth of 31in. at the broadest part, and weighs 56lbs.

Her Majesty has given directions to carry out the arrangements necessary for observing the transit of Venus, which will take place in 1874. The planet's course is expected to be through St. John's Wood, Brompton, and Pimlico to the Haymarket.

Propos de petit crevé (de plus fort en plus fort,—comme chez Nicolet).

Ce jeune gâteux est présenté à une charmante créole.

"Ah! mademoiselle, vous êtes cubaine?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"De Cuba?"

"Oui, monsieur, et vous?"

"Moi, mademoiselle, je suis Parisien."

"De Pontoise?"

"You should love your enemies," said the Rev. Lemuel Whey to the Irreconcileable of his village, a hard drinker and good hater.

"So I do, Sir."

"Which of them, may I ask?"

"Cold gin and dog's nose."

The skilful but unlucky Dr. G. left a card with a deep black edge on one of his patients. "Poor Dr. G.!" sympathised Lady ——; "I wonder whom he has lost?" "You forget his profession, my dear," grunted out his Lordship from behind his *Times*.

"How can you go on still with *that* Amy?" quoth Rag to Famish; "she must be fifty at least."

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio," replied Famish; "one at fifty is like a couple at twenty-five."

At the *Bal Masqué*:

ROSE: How are you getting on?

LILY: Not seen a soul; and my head is *that* bad!

ROSE: Why don't you go home?

LILY: Before four? And my landlady?

"Going for three pound ten," repeated the auctioneer, "thoroughbred as Eclipse, sound wind and limb, handsome as paint, and did his mile in 2.10 only yesterday. For the last time. Mr. Green."

NEW PROPRIETOR: Where did he do the mile you speak of, Mr. Coper?

Mr. C. (sternly): On the Great Northern, sir.

L, apostrophe, A—l'a; M,O,U,R, mour—l'amour; P,R,O, pro—l'amour pro; P,R,E, pre—l'amour-propre. L'amour propre, petite mère, c'est donc qu'il y en a un autre,—qui ne l'est pas?

Chez Lidstone.

CUSTOMER: How is it that tongue is so much dearer?

MERCHANT: Well, you see, mum, the 'Ouse is setten.

"I can't get rid of the man," murmured Miss Molar, whose teeth are like a box of ill-assorted dominoes; "he *will* follow me about. What *am* I to do?"

"You are too good-natured, dear," said a lady friend; "only show your teeth a little, and he 'll be off."

In the street:

SEALSKIN: Sir!!!

BROADCLOTH: Beauty — pardon — love — angel — when—visit—fortune—feet.

SEALSKIN: Allow me to pass, if you please; and understand that it is not to a lady who resides in her own house, No. 432A, South Bank, St. John's Wood (left hand side), and who will be at home all day tomorrow, that such language can be addressed with impunity.

Un étudiant passe, avec Mademoiselle Rigolette au bras, sur le pont Notre-Dame.

"Georges," lui dit-elle, "si je savais que tu ne m'aimes pas, je me jetterais dans la Seine!"

"Eh bien, après," répartit l'étudiant, "ça ne ferait jamais qu'un glaçon de plus!"

In the House.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11th.—A cold, wintry day, and the Lords, like frozen-out gardeners, had no work to do—so they did not sit.

In the Commons, the inquisitive members had their customary weekly innings.

Inter alia, Mr. Gourley asked the First Lord of the Admiralty the object of his late trip as Amateur Admiral of the Fleet, and, as a minor matter, whether he had any objection to exhibit the little bill. Taxpayers didn't mind paying the piper, but they liked sometimes to call for a tune.

Mr. Childers believed Captain Egerton had pestered him with an awkward question on this subject, last July. He forgot what excuse he had made then. Mr. Gourley had better try and find out for himself. The fact really was—he was very fond of yachting, and he and his friends thought there was a splendid opportunity for enjoying themselves on a grand scale. It would have been a great bore to decide between the claims of all the naval swells who would have liked to command the fleet, so he appointed himself, and soon solved that difficulty. Much obliged for Mr. Gourley's kind inquiries, he had enjoyed himself first-rate, and had picked up no end of information. Thought he knew already the difference between a cat-head and a marlin spike, or a lob-lolly boy and a bumboat woman. He intended to lay *voluminous* papers on the table (laying ironical emphasis on the syllable "*vo*," the Rt. Hon. gentleman tapped his nose with his forefinger, winked at Mr. Speaker, and sat down).

Mr. Bentinck objected to having to come down to the House these cold mornings, and to having his evening nap disturbed so constantly by a count-out in the evening. Couldn't Mr. Gladstone make better arrangements for business?

Mr. Gladstone thought members did their work much more satisfactorily before dinner than after. Of course, with a good cook and a comfortable dining-room, when members went to dinner at seven, it was rather difficult to get them to leave their claret and come back to work at nine; and a count-out was sometimes inevitable when time was called, as there were always members on the *qui vive* for an opportunity to shirk work and go to the play.

Mr. Whalley rose (amid ironical cheers and loud cries of "sing"); but he only asked a question about Turnpike Tolls, and not about the Œcumenical Council, so the funny dogs were sold, and the uproar ceased.

Mr. Serjeant Simon complained that the High Bailiff of Southwark had been trying to put obstacles in the way of Mr. Odger's candidature for the Borough, by charging him double the proper sum for election expenses, and by refusing him the usual information. If Sir Sydney Waterlow and Colonel Beresford chose to pay £200 instead of £65, which was the proper amount, there was no reason why Mr. Odger, who was a working man, and couldn't afford it, should be obliged to do the same. (Bravo, Serjeant Simon!) Mr. Eykyn seconded. Sir Henry Hoare was inclined to think Odger was let off very cheaply at £200; he had had to pay £770 at Chelsea, and, what was worse, when he had been elected, had been asked to subscribe to everything under the sun, as if he was made of money.

The Solicitor-General could not defend the High Bailiff, and would not attempt to do so. He would recommend the Bailiff to mind what he was about, and not lay himself open to an action at law. If he tried any games of the kind, Mr. Odger could have his remedy; and he thought the House might safely leave the Bailiff (Mr. Gresham) to digest the warning he had given him.

Monday, February 14th.—Lord Carnarvon made an attack on the Colonial policy of the Government, which, while he complained of it "all round," he was pleased to confine to a particular instance—that of the withdrawal of the Imperial troops from Canada. Canada was loyal, plucky, and self-reliant; and yet we acted towards her as if we wished to wash our hands of her. The policy of the Government in trying to detach our Colonies by denying them material support, was, in his opinion, the first step in the way of national decadence. It was a course of action cruel to the Colonies, and fatal to ourselves; and he begged to protest against it.

Lord Granville replied to the effect that the Government, as all wise Governments should, had assumed the duty of teaching the Colonies self-reliance. Canada was self-governing. It should also be allowed the privilege of self-defence. However useful England might be as a support in case of danger, it was not a good mode of developing their martial spirit by letting the Canadians rely too much on external aid; and he did not think that, if the worst came to the worst, the Yankees would be scared by 2,000 redcoats, more or less. Canada was strong in its resources, and whatever we might feel ourselves called upon to do in the way of help when the pinch came, yet, in time of peace, there was no reason why we should keep a large military force there; and, in fact, he believed Canada would not object to be left to itself.

Viscount Monck, who ought to know something about the matter, defended the Government with good will, if not very forcibly.

Lord Derby thought the matter had better drop; and Lord Lyveden said it never would have arisen, but for Lord Carnarvon having raised a hubbub by writing to the *Times*, and the editorial articles thereon when there was nothing else to write about.

The Queen thanked the Commons (as she had done the Lords) for their address in reply to the speech, and said she would take care to have a sharp look-out kept for the transit of Venus in 1874.

In reply to Mr. Nicol, Mr. Ayrton said that the Cleansing, &c., of the Serpentine was being done by contract, and would be completed by April, the act of God, &c. (as they say on bills of lading), and all things whatsoever, excepted.

Mr. Bowring wanted to know, having regard to the general muddle in which the new cab regulations were, whether some means might be provided to protect us from extortionate cabbies, and generally to let the world know how they stood as to fares—as to which the little tin flags left them quite in the dark, especially at night. Mr. Bruce was quite satisfied, and thought everybody else ought to be so. "There's a good time coming, boys." Cabby, *with all his excellent qualities*, is not very amenable to discipline; but the Government hope, by-and-bye, to lick him into shape, and enforce the new regulations. Meanwhile, all he could say was, "Wait a little longer."

Mr. Fawcett moved an address to the Crown, praying it to defend its rights over Epping Forest, with a view to securing it for the recreation and enjoyment of the public; and hereupon a smart discussion ensued, in which the balance of opinion was so manifestly in favour of Mr. Fawcett's motion, that Mr. Gladstone was glad to suggest a verbal amendment to the original proposition, by which, it may be hoped that, while litigation may be avoided, the main result aimed at may be accomplished.

Tuesday, 15th February.—Mr. S. Beaumont moved for leave to introduce a Bill to relieve the Bishops from duty in the House of Lords, and Mr. Plimsoll to compel Railway Companies to provide hot water bottles in cold weather. (Chorus of "How are your poor feet?")

After sundry other motions of more or less interest, Mr. Gladstone rose to propose his Irish Land Scheme. It would be impossible to do justice to a long and, at the same time, comprehensive speech within the limits of our space. The gist of Mr. Gladstone's remarks were briefly as follows:—So far back as 1833, the attention of Parliament had been called to the state of the occupiers of soil in Ireland. Ten years later the well-known Devon Commission was appointed to consider the subject; but its report was never acted upon. Had it been, the question would not now remain for settlement. But delay had been the great evil; and now, seeing the evil, he hoped the House would apply themselves, once for all, to settle the matter. The gravamen of Ireland's complaint was "insecurity of tenure." Various proposals had been made by way of remedy; but he should discard them all, including the idea of "perpetuity of tenure," which was a mistake. He was sorry for the absence of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Bright on this occasion; but Mr. Bright had written to approve of his (Mr. Gladstone's) measure, of which the following are the heads:—

The enlargement of the power of the limited owner as to lease and sale. Loans to occupiers for the purchase of lands under their cultivation. Loans to landlords to enable them to reclaim waste lands, make roads, and build. Courts to be established for the trial of land causes. Legalising the different descriptions of holdings now in use. A scale of damages for evictions. Extension of the term of notices to quit, and revision of the county cess. There were many other minor provisions. The Government were far from believing it to be a perfect measure; but he invited the co-operation of the House to make it as nearly so as possible, and quiet for ever the cry of "*Justice to Oireland!*"

The second reading was fixed for the 7th March.

Mr. Cardwell obtained leave to introduce a Bill for the reform of that Augean Stable, the War Office, by adding to the parliamentary representation of the service, reviving the office of Clerk to the Ordnance, creating a War Financial Secretary, and bringing the War Office and the Horse Guards under one roof; otherwise, to revert in a great measure to the state of things before the Crimean war, out of which we were reformed a few years ago, and to which it is now proposed to reform us back again.

The morning sitting on Wednesday was, as usual, an uneventful one.

Thursday, February 17th.—Mr. Forster introduced the Government scheme for a national system of elementary education in England and Wales. The country is to be divided into school districts, under inspectors. That a certain standard of secular efficiency shall entitle these schools to a public grant. Restrictions as to religious teaching are to be removed; but, though no longer denominational, the rights of parents and of conscience are to be respected. That school boards shall have the power to frame bye-laws for the compulsory attendance of all children between five and twelve years of age, under penalty of a fine of five shillings.

The provisions of the bill met with marked sympathy of approval from the House.

Colonel Beresford, the vanquisher of Odger, the tribune of the people, took his seat for Southwark.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

No. 2.

MISS ELLEN FERNLEAF TO MISS MINNIE DASHWOOD.

THANKS so much, dearest Minnie, for your reply. It was *so* nice of you to write by return of post; but your letter has made me feel quite unhappy—it has, indeed; at the same time, I ought to give you a good scolding for never having written me a word about Major Bell. I think your papa is very like mine—*most* unreasonable. The idea of not being allowed to marry on four hundred a-year! It seems to me quite absurd, especially as the Major will be a colonel in a few years. Four hundred a-year! why I should think it ought to be a perfect little fortune. Of course you would have to be careful; you couldn't take a large house, you know, or give balls, or have a stall at the opera, I suppose, or anything of that sort; but I am quite sure these things *don't constitute happiness*, Minnie, darling. All that one wants is a snug little home, with a pretty drawing-room, a tiny conservatory, two or three spare rooms for one's friends, now and then, a brougham, a nice butler, and a clean cook. Who can want anything more? except, perhaps, a trip to Paris once or twice a-year; and it is perfectly absurd to suppose that one can't do just that on four hundred a-year. It is quite shocking, darling, the way in which people think about money.

We went to Mrs. Happyrock's assembly the other night, and if I hadn't been squeezed very

much I think I should have thoroughly enjoyed it. I oughtn't properly to have gone, you know, as not being exactly *out*, but the card particularly said "the *Misses* Fernleaf," so mamma took me. The fact is, dear Laura doesn't make herself as agreeable as we could wish: as Jack says, she doesn't *throw herself about half enough;* she is very shy and reserved, and mamma thinks that I have got more conversation, so she told papa that I *must* go, and when she once said that in her decided way I knew, of course, I *should* go. I liked it very much, I think, but I was dreadfully hungry, and couldn't get anything to eat. Jack pointed out all the great celebrities who were there: he was just like a showman, and he seemed to know everything about everybody—at least he talked as if he did. The Prime Minister looked, oh, so clever! and once when I was standing near him he talked so like a book. And another minister was there—the man who looks after the money. I forget what he is called, but he seemed very amusing, and made everybody laugh who talked to him; and Jack told me that if I was introduced to him I was to be sure and ask him if he had paid all his taxes: because, to use Jack's phraseology, that inquiry would be sure to "fetch" him immensely. I wasn't introduced to him, and so of course I didn't ask the question. Then there was another minister whom Jack pointed out and said that he was familiarly known among his friends as "cabby," and also as "the ensign," because he had invented some curious *flags*. I can't think how he can ever have become a great person, if his friends treat him in that sort of way.

We went to the Lyceum Theatre last week and saw such a strange play, called *Corrupt Practices;* and really, darling, the hero—at least I suppose he was the hero—was such a wicked, wicked man, and he said such sharp things to everybody, and was so unkind to his father-in-law, who appeared to be very much broken in health and generally unwell. Somehow or other, the hero, who was a baronet—I wonder why they always make the bad people in books and plays baronets? I know two or three, and, really, I don't think that on the whole they are worse than other people—had never married his wife; and there was somebody he *ought* to have married, but he hadn't married her either; and there was a nice young gentleman the bad baronet disliked very much, and so one evening he went into his dressing-room and fetched a revolver, and was going to murder the nice young gentleman in the drawing-room, because he had made a better speech in Parliament than the baronet had, as I understood it, but suddenly a lot of people came in, so he changed his mind and shot himself. Really and truly, he only shot the ceiling; but he fell down all the same, and as he was dying he said he was sorry he hadn't shot the other man, who, I suppose, afterwards married the wife who wasn't a wife. After the play there was a comic opera called *Chilpéric*, which made me laugh extremely, but I hadn't the slightest idea what it was all about. There were two Frenchmen acting in it, and they were *so* amusing! but I think I should have understood them better if they had spoken their own language. The man who played the wicked husband—who wasn't a husband—in the first piece, was a comic doctor in the opera; and he rode on a donkey, and dropped his leeches about, and sent seidlitz powders to the king. What a clever man he must be, to be so thoroughly and shockingly wicked at one moment, and so very funny and happy a few moments after! I must add just one thing: there were several girls dressed as pages of the court—and oh, Minnie! they wore such very odd clothes—in fact, they wore hardly any clothes at all; and, considering what the weather has been, they must have been dreadfully cold in that draughty theatre—actually, darling, they had no *petticoats whatever!* Jack seemed rather to like it, which surprised me very much. Laura declared she would never go to a theatre again; but that's absurd. Good bye, dear. I hope you will come to town soon.

Your loving NELLIE.

HARRIS, the artilleryman, who has been so often remanded from the Woolwich police-court on a charge of having violently assaulted two of his comrades, has been committed for trial.

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XVII.—LINGUIST.

[The whole class commended. So many are "together," that the task of judging has been unusually difficult, and the awards must be taken under all reserve.]

First—

Overboard pray fling whist,
Dames among;
Artist, poet, linguist,
Use your tongue.

DAMON.

Second—

I'm a man of accomplishments many,
I can play at chess, draughts, and backgammon;
I'm a great hand at "three sticks a penny,"
I can skate, dance, shoot, paint, and gaff salmon.

I can ride across country, play cricket,
And when bathing swim faster than flounders;
When "seven 's the main," I can nick it;
I'm a "nummer" at racquets and rounders.

I can make champagne cup and mull claret,
Can play billiards and pool, and can sing; whist
Comes as easy as splitting a carrot;
And I'm also a splendid linguist.

PROFESSOR.

Third—

"If a *fat* man be *pinguis*," observed a great linguist,
"The *fattest* man living must surely be *pinguist*."

I'll play loo no more, to the winds I will fling whist,
And devote all my mind to becoming a linguist.

Let Highlander bards praise Lochaber and sing Uist,
Their Gaelic is Greek to a man who 's no linguist.

TIP.

My partner, a notable linguist,
Said, "Your play 's not exactly the thing—whist,
Allow me to mention,
Demands your attention,
Or else to the mill it won't bring grist."

VECTIS.

It 's sometimes a lucrative thing, whist,
Provided you keep your head clear;
And don't wag your tongue like a linguist,
Or drink too much champagne or beer.

LITTLE PIG.

Turtle clear and venison *pinguis* t-
Ickle palates, old and young;
Give *me* the gobbler and the linguist,
Turkey, that 's to say, and tongue.

NORFOLK.

Oh! were I a linguist,
'Tis with vivid creations
To my mill I 'd bring in grist,
By adaptions, translations,
From the foreigner's brain,
Which I 'd tap, like my betters,
Who thus cheaply attain
The republic of letters.

WOOD GREEN.

When the great Tower of Babel began
In its menacing form to arise,
And those impious Jews, to a man,
Were resolving to enter the skies,

A sudden change struck them, we learn,
As if wrought by a sorcerer's wand!
Each found, when he spoke in his turn,
Not a word could the rest understand.

From what seemed confusion for ever
The reverse of this marvel has grown;
Man *now* deems it useful and clever
To discourse in a tongue not his own!

Prince Talleyrand boldly has said—
And to prove it successfully striven—
That for hiding the thoughts of the head
Was our language but purposely given.

The works of a Raphael have spoken
A language entrancing each age!
A spell which can never be broken
By those of the veriest sage!

Thus the Painter, whose works are sublime
(Pedantic to call him a pinguist!)
Shall eclipse, with his brush, to all time,
The tongue and the pen of the linguist.

CALDBERGH.

Did Horsa and Hyngist,
When to England they came,
Employ any linguist
For their filibustering game;
Or how did these caitiffs
To the English convey
Their wish that the natives
Would bow to their sway?

QUERY.

A certain prince, a courtier, and a linguist,
Sat down to play at cards with their dear king. Whist
Was the order of the evening. Time fled away,
And every one seemed happy, blithe, and gay.
But soon a fierce dispute arose betwixt the four;
The king declared the prince revoked. Prince swore
He hadn't. So *high* words arose,
And, after *high* words, followed *eye* blows—
The courtier hit his *High*ness on the nose—
The king attacked the linguist—all the four
Were bleeding when the fray was o'er.

MORAL.

When anger o'er our minds obtains the sway,
Reason deserts her post and flies away.

MANCUNIAN.

The fellow who bothers his brains,
In making a good rhyme to linguist,
Will discover, in spite of his pains,
To his mill it never will bring grist.

And he who expected a prize,
Will find that he has a good thing miss'd,
For, here I beg leave to surmise,
No word rhymes *correctly* with linguist.

OLD FARMER.

When Roberts played Cook at St. James' Hall,
Dufton was M.C. and linguist,
Cox and Yeaman made the pockets so small,
That the spot stroke was extinguisht.

The Prince, who came for that famous stroke,
Made the place quite distinguisht;
A thousand weeds, with their fragrant smoke,
Raised a cloud like a spring mist.

TEMPLAR.

Loquitur SIMS REEVES.

You applaud and you press me to sing, wist
Ye not I daren't venture a note.
There are hundreds of tongues for the linguist;
For me there is only *one* throat.

ANADILUS.

Competition Papers received from Lunatic; J. D.; Domino; A. L. O. W.; Mezzofanti; Delmonico; Sangre Azul; Jack; Mrs. Johnson; Madge; S. S.; Brum.

PRIZE WORD—No. XVIII.—RELIC.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

The Man About Town.

A CHRONICLE AND REVIEW
OF THE
DOINGS OF THE DAY, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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TOASTED CHEESE.—They are sure to do you. But perhaps you have a national predilection for welshers?

LITTLE PIG, who was not even placed, applies for the prize won last week by "Catlin," who came in first for the Prize Rhymes Stakes. Little Pig has a cheek!

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—Lischen and Fritzchen—The Yellow Dwarf. Seven.

DRURY LANE.—William Tell—At a Quarter to Eight: Beauty and the Beast. Seven.

HAYMARKET.—A Kiss in the Dark—At Twenty Minutes to Eight: Our American Cousin—Deaf as a Post. Seven.

PRINCESS'S.—Formosa—After Dark. Seven.

ADELPHI.—Open to Conviction—At a Quarter to Eight: Not Such a Fool as He Looks—The Nightingale. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Twenty Minutes with a Tiger—At a Quarter to Nine: Chilpéric. Seven.

OLYMPIC.—Little Em'ly—At Half-past Nine: The Princess. Seven.

GLOBE.—If the Cap Fits—At Half-past Seven: Philomel—At Ten: Lord Bateman. Seven.

ST. JAMES'S.—She Stoops to Conquer—At a Quarter past Nine: La Belle Sauvage—An Unhappy Pair. Seven.

STRAND.—The Heir-at-Law—Toodles—Ino. Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: School—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.

GAIETY.—The Rose of Auvergne—At a Quarter to Eight: Uncle Dick's Darling—At Half-past Nine: Wat Tyler, M.P. Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—Quick March—At a Quarter past Eight: 'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1870.

THE excitements of the week have been political and meteorological; or, to be chronologically correct, meteorological and political. First, in point of time—I am not at all clear whether I should not add and importance—has come the cold, against which my countrymen have, I am proud to say, called out as with one voice. It is very *spiritual*, I doubt not, for inhabitants of those remote regions, blessed at intervals with a sight of the sun, to laugh at our attention to barometric pressure, and assert that English people never meet without exchanging weather forecasts of the day after to-morrow. If we lived in Cologne, I dare say we should make smells our leading topic; and a residence at Naples might bring eruptions prominently to the surface.

Our weather being by far the most remarkable of our natural curiosities: our health, comfort, spirits, temper—nay, often our material prosperity—depending absolutely on the climate, there being frequently, so to speak, but an east wind between us and a fine property: is it strange that we watch it narrowly, and talk about it when we get among fellow-victims? Consider the results of the past week's diversions, the consequences of the frost's surfeit of hardbake, and the wind going out to sea and making a night of it: discomfort, colds, broken shins, broken heads, postponement of racing and coursing, interruption of communication with foreign parts, destruction of shipping, breakage of telegraphic wires, loss of work, the stone-yard, want, misery, disease, death. When the last new novel—*Lady Smiler's Thursdays; or, Gaudish's Boadicea*—proves half as fruitful topics, there may be some reason in passing over the weather in their favour.

With Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill, beyond noticing that, like every other Bill, it is very long, affords indifferent reading, and suggests painful reflections as to the extreme difficulty of meeting it, there is little to be said. Its amazing size, like that of Miss SWANN, will probably prevent any one from battling with it in good earnest. The amplitude of detail loved by the Premier is apt to repel less laborious politicians; and now that Mr. DISRAELI is unwell, few will be found able or willing to tackle it. It is next to impossible that any serious opposition can be offered to anything by any one with a cold in his head.

The Conservative triumph in Southwark, signal, would that I could add crowning mercy, is of course attributed by the losers to that "want of organisation" which has been used to cloak so many Whiggish sins. The stubborn persistence of the representative of clear and thick and the gingerbread chariot, certainly rendered the always questionable success of Mr. ODGER impossible; but there is every reason to believe that (to use the language of the racing reporter) Colonel BERESFORD would have won anyhow. To ridicule, as the *Times* does, the idea of Conservative reaction, with such an overwhelming illustration before them, argues a bold defiance of facts, and a noble carelessness for the truth worthy of Liberal praise. In the meantime, however, BERESFORD has—for the second time I take it—distinguished himself at Waterlow; and *Ne Sutor* may be said or sung to the plucky second, who will be first one day, and derive what leg-of-mutton gratification there is in being at the head of the poll.

Four new theatres are reported in course of construction; an accession which will increase the number of metropolitan Temples of Thespis to an incalculable extent. We have ourselves increased and multiplied of late, certainly, and have more hungry and empty heads to amuse than in the days of CHARLES KEMBLE; but I cannot help thinking that we are, like gay youth, overdoing our accommodation. Our houses—of which we could once almost say, a plague of ye both—are now a perfect row; we have as many boxes as a lady going to Paris; and our pit is bottomless. If by any accident we are able to fill these structures, and our amount of boxes be not beggarly and empty, what can we set before their occupants? Prolific as we are, an actor is not born every day. It may even be doubted whether we can turn out monthly a good CHARLES MATHEWS or ALFRED WIGAN equal to sample. The evil of even the existing number of theatres is evidenced by the impossibility of getting together more than three or four good working companies, and the amazing dearth of intelligent "seconds" on the stage. Theatres without actors are like plates without meat; and I really do not think speculators are justified in still further sub-dividing the Barmeside fare now put before us. The Haymarket company, in Mr. WEBSTER'S day, and in its way the Adelphi company, under the same administrator, were the last examples of a full, thoroughly efficient, harmonious band. Stars, rising, shooting, and falling, with a milky way of supers, do not make a theatrical firmament. With all our supposed skill in getting up such things, a company is much better constructed in France than in England: another instance, I suppose, of the superiority of their direction.

The very free comments of that Bashi-Bazouk of correspondents, AZAMUT-BATUK, has let the *Pall Mall Gazette* in for a criminal prosecution for libel. The case being yet *pendente lite*, I will refrain from saying more about it than that the assumption by the Turkish gentleman that Mr. BOUCICAULT must necessarily describe the society in which he moves—must, that is to say, be a swindler, or begging-letter impostor, if he takes his audience among those artists, is, to say the least of it, curious. It is not new; the same theory being enunciated in the oft-quoted axiom—"Who drives fat oxen, must himself be fat," is certainly not true, and perhaps does not much signify; but it is strange that such a journal as the one written by Gentlemen for Gentlemen, should lend itself to the promulgation of such an absurdity—to say the least of it.

SUGGESTION FOR A PROLOGUE TO THE BURLESQUE OF "HYPERMNESTRA."

AIR—"The Tight Little Island."

WITH a fashion grotesque
We begin our burlesque,
Since in classics we're going the "whole hog,"
And, ere telling our plan,
You must know I'm the man
Whom they used to call "Chorus," or "Prologue."
Our Plot is from Classical Hist'ry,
Made up of lies, fables, and myst'ry;
But no matter for that,
Since truth's rather flat,
So we'll take for our theme "Hypermnestry."

There were once brothers twain
Who conjointly did reign
O'er the land which the river Nile waters;
One had fifty male children,
Which seems quite bewilderin',
And the other one had fifty daughters.
Now a singular thing, sir, to say it is,
They couldn't find names for the la-dies,
So they christened 'em plump,
All the girls in a lump,
And called the whole posse "Danaides."

Now, old Danaus, their father,
Being anxious, not rather,
To get them all fitted with suitors,
Thought he'd take 'em a jaunt
To Greece, that famed haunt
Of lovers, and other freebooters.
Said he, "P'raps this plan may release us,
And brother Ægyptus don't please us,
So, girls, brisk about,
Get your 50 trunks out,
And hey! for the Peloponnesus."

First they landed at Rhodes,
And took up their abodes
At an inn called the "Turba Proterva;"
There Dan shot in a battue,
Then uncovered a statue
To Prince Fiz-gig—I mean to Minerva.
At Argos next day they all landed,
All their trunks to the palace were handed,
And the King took 'em in,
Though he thought, with a grin,
I'd give worlds if the ship had been stranded.

Now this said King Delanor
Was but a new reigner,
And for Argos his views were too narrow;
So, thought Danaus, my plan
Is to turn out the man,
And play Cuckoo to the young Hedge-sparrow.
Not long did he take to determine,
He treated Delanor like vermin,
Turned him out of his palace,
Brought his neck to the gallows,
And usurped his crown, sceptre, and ermine.

Soon Ægyptus, Dan's brother,
By some means or other,
Heard how Danaus had set up his shop there;
So to Argos he'd go,
For a few weeks or so,
And his fifty sons with him to stop there.
Arrived safely over the waters,
They all put up in Danaus' quarters,
And the sons began wooing,
And billing and cooing,
And they married the fifty odd daughters.

Soon as Danaus grew jealous
Of all these young fellows,
'Cause the oracle hinted at danger,
He resolved they should die,
And he told his girls why,
For he'd have no strange dogs in his manger.
So he said, "On the night of your wedding,
Slip a dagger just under the bedding,
And give each a sly prog,
Or else poison their grog,
Which is safer, perhaps, than blood-shedding."

His orders were done,
And they killed every one,
Except Lynceus, whose wife was more tender;
But when Jupiter heard
What was done he averred
That he'd punish each murd'rous offender;
So the 49 wives were all taken,
Hypermnestra alone saved her bacon;
And across river Styx
They were ferried like bricks
To a place something like Interlaken.

Now a punishment queer
Was awarded them here,
Which for ladies was p'raps indecorous;
T'was to pour heavy-wet
From sunrise to sunset
Into vessels all leaky and porous.
Thus their labour was never abated,
And though they were all water-rated,
Spite of "constant supply"
The tubs always were dry,
So the debt ne'er could be *liquidated*.

And to this very day
They go watering away,
One arm pouring, and t'other akimbo;
And serve such girls right,
Who on their wedding-night
Could despatch all their husbands to limbo.

Moral.

Then, young men, select wives good and thrifty,
Since girls are so apt to be shifty,
And, ere making your choice,
Hear my tale's warning voice,
"*You'll find but one good one in fifty.*"

The Grumbler.

RUMOURED that Mr. Calcraft retires from office, is it? and a pity that the office don't retire with him. Would abolish punishment of death, then? Certainly I would. Don't believe that capital punishment prevent murder? No, I don't; and what is more, in countries where it has been abolished crime has not increased. How about serious cases of murder and mutiny on board a ship? They are exceptional cases, and naturally demand immediate repression. But you may depend upon it, a severity of punishment for a life-time, and that made as hard and as public as possible, would do quite as much to deter the murderously inclined from the crime of murder as ever the fear of Mister Calcraft and his horrible apparatus would. Well, though Mister Calcraft retires "with his blushing honours thick upon him," his miserable, diabolical business will not be wound up. Capital punishment will not be abolished in England, at all events, for years to come. No, I don't suppose it will. Still, the reflection is not an agreeable one. Already 139 (what shall I call 'em?—pah!) are in the field; all solicitous for the appointment now but vacant. One of these *creatures* (and if ignorance and brutality are, as I take 'em to be, qualifications for the office, surely he merits notice and consideration from the sheriffs) writes, "Honnered Sur, I am a Boocher." Heavens! what a redundancy of information. Another brute says he "is young and hactif, and hunderstands the busseness." A residence in a reformatory for a few months would be desirable, and these promising specimens of humanity might be taught that there are such things as ten Commandments, and one of them very distinctly says, "Thou shalt do no murder"—and, further, that the basis of all Christian faith is "Do unto others," etc., etc. All prudery and nonsense, is it? Well, perhaps it may be at present; but, certainly, it does appear to me that civilisation somewhat halts this nineteenth century. Calcraft ought to have a pension, for he is old and worn grey in the service of the country. Is he? Well, I don't want to know anything about Mister Calcraft, nor of his acts or deeds, and I think the less the public hear of them the better; but had I one feeling for such a creature, I would suggest that the Tussaud's people at once engage him as hall-porter, and, for their profit, and his ease, to be encased in a black, leather-covered, wicker, hall porter's chair, to take the tickets and his beer and doze through the rest of his miserable life at the entrance of their Chambers of Horrors, an entertainment and exhibition as creditable almost to the taste of the public as the executioner himself. But enough of such a subject—would to goodness I could urge every man in this great country who *can* read, to read and ponder over dear old Thackeray's powerfully written sketch of "Going to see a man hanged," and then see if we should ever hear of another Mister Calcraft, or an execution in England.

A good joke, is it? Well, I don't exactly see it. A daily paper pounding Mr. Boucicault, the first of our present dramatists, on the score of the vulgarity and immorality of *Formosa*, a play that, at all events, has held its own throughout a long season at the first of our theatres. But why select such a character for his heroine? How should I know; I didn't write the play; I only, like crowds of others, went to see it. What did I think of it? Why, that there was a great deal of cry about very little wool, and that Mr. Boucicault, who has never written an uninteresting play, had not, in *Formosa*, deviated from his custom. Objectional sentiments and language in it? Not a sentence—not a syllable that Bowdler himself could have found fault with, or wished to have expurgated. Whence, then, this anger of the Pall Mall gods? Was it that they felt Mr. Boucicault had tried

> "To teach vain wits a science little known;
> To admire superior sense, and doubt their own;"

or was it that "Azamut Batuk," moved by a most virtuous fit of indignation, worthy a Praise-God-Barebones, or sword and Bible in hand propounder of the Gospel belonging to Cromwell's Canting Court, and deeming himself "wall'd with brass impregnable," dared to charge Mr. B. with gross immorality, and being a mere photographer of low life; or was it that "Azamut Batuk" was desirous of shivering a lance, or, rather, splitting his goose quill on the shield and fair fame of one of our foremost Champions of the Dramatic Art, proud of the chance, regardless of the cost, and totally forgetting that—

> "Of all the causes which conspire to blind
> Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind;
> What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
> Is '*pride*,' the never failing vice of fools."

He has evidently a strange pride and conceit has "Azamut Batuk," and should certainly write a play himself, for criticism is evidently not his *forte*. What does he say to the Ten Thousand Vergers of Cologne, a burlesque; or the Cave of Adullam, a tragedy, in five sessions, with a special part for Bright, and a facetious bit of low comedy for Lowe; or why not try his hand on a grand sensational drama—the Homoiousians on Horseback, or the Homouousians on Foot—with a supernatural part for Brother Ignatius, and grand transformation scene representing a dissolving view of St. Paul's in a fog, and illumination of St. Peter's in an Easter blaze of candles and oil lights. But should "Azamut Batuk" modestly reject this chance to fame, and prefer adhering to his criticisms, 't would be well he remembered what Alexander Pope has written—

> "Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
> Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
> In every work regard the writer's end,
> Since none can compass more than they intend."

But, whatever he does, let him eschew wormwood and gall, and avoid criticising modern dramatists for the future; and with this good-natured advice here is a "sentiment" for him—

> Here's to the paper that objects to *Formosa*,
> Because, tho' not married, she liv'd "*cara sposa*;"
> And here's to the humbug and cant of the day,
> That 'll print a divorce case, but cry down a play.
> The former, so bad, say "Good, rich," and racy,
> Adultery disclosing, with sad intimacy;
> While the latter exposes the vice of the hour,
> As held up for censure by Boucicault's power.
> Then why not condemn all those papers that try
> To detail "crim. cons.," while good plays they decry.

The Man Abroad.

VENICE, *6th February*.

THE inhabitants of this city of the seventy-two islands must surely possess certain amphibious attributes, a great portion of their existence being spent on the water. To make a morning call, to go shopping, or to the railway; in short, wherever one wishes to go, the gondola must be in request: for so foul and intricate are the alleys with which the city abounds, that no one would think of going about on foot. To persons of hypochondriacal tendencies, Venice, in wet weather, must suggest the gloomiest reflections; for a strange and death-like stillness pervades the place. No rattling of carriages, or bustling about of vehicles, break the weary monotony. At the time of the evacuation of the Venetian territory by the Austrians, the only horse that was known to reside in the city departed likewise; for he was the property of the commander of the troops: and since that blissful period, no other has put in an appearance. Venice is eminently an interesting city, though its day seems to have gone by: it lives now solely on the prestige of its magnificent past. Lord Byron has helped to sustain, in no slight degree, that halo of romance that encircles almost everything connected with this quaint old place. His description of a gondola is so much to the point, that I cannot refrain from quoting it—

> "Did'st ever see a gondola? For fear
> You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:—
> T'is a long covered boat that's common here,
> Carved at the prow, built lightly, yet compactly.
> Rowed by two rowers, each called 'Gondolier,'
> It glides along the water, looking blackly,
> Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
> Where none can make out what you say or do."

They certainly do possess a most funereal appearance; for their style of decoration invariably consists of gold enrichments on a black ground.

When closed in wet weather they are unpleasant and stuffy, but on a fine bright day they are an agreeable change from the omnibuses and cabs one is compelled to use in other cities. The gondoliers show marvellous dexterity in turning the different corners, and by a happy knack a boatman, with only one large oar, is enabled to propel along his craft at great speed.

To the architect, Venice possesses unusual attractions—the fine examples of Venetian Gothic to be met with in all parts of the city cannot fail to evoke feelings of pleasure, whilst the grand old Basilica of St. Mark is, of course, a source of immense attraction, both from its great antiquity, and from the beauty of its costly mosaics and decorations. The view from its lofty campanile is marvellous. It appears as if the floods were out, and the whole city was in danger of being swallowed up by the waters.

Photographs have made the Doge's Palace, the Giant's Staircase, the Bridge of Sighs, and the Room of the Council of Ten so familiar, that I should only weary your readers by a description of them. Of course the British tourist sets about "doing" them as per Murray and Bradshaw, and works as hard at sight-seeing as he does at his shop.

The Academy possesses the finest collection of paintings of the Venetian school that exists. Titian is in great force—the "Assumption," which is considered his masterpiece, is to be seen here.

I visited the Gallery on a Sunday, and was much struck at the number of respectable mechanics and working men, who were thoroughly enjoying the beautiful works of art exhibited; and I could not help reflecting upon the narrow-minded policy that closes our national collections to those who can only afford time to see them on one day of the week. Would the British labourer be one whit the worse for exchanging the society of the public-house for that of the "old masters?" We make a great fuss about "educating the masses," and yet, forsooth! we neglect such a fertile source of education as throwing open our collections of works of art on the most blessed day of the week. But *revenons à nos moutons*. Two beautiful monuments in the church of S. Maria dei Frari are well worth seeing, one to the memory of Titian, and the other to Canova. The former was erected at the expense of the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria.

All the best shops in Venice are to be found in the Piazza di San Marco; and when on gala occasions this fine square is illuminated, the effect is indescribably fine. Venice will always be visited with pleasure, from the great historical interest attaching to it; but to thoroughly enjoy a stay here, one requires plenty of bright sunshine, and "when the shades of evening close around," the moon's pale beam to cast its silvery light on the waters.

Paris, *February 17th.*

THOUGH we have been vouchsafed a few utterances by proxy from M. Le Marquis de Rochefort Lucay, Comte de Vauderville, in the shape of propositions to impeach the ministers to reduce the budget of the Chief of Police, and others equally sensible and well-timed, it is not, I imagine, unreasonable to suppose that we have heard the last from him, if not of him, for some few months to come. The revolution of M. Flourens and his friends has, by the heroic efforts of an army, inferior in numbers to the *emeutiers*, been quelled; the dead have been buried; the field of battle has been *nettoyé* of the mass of debris which its carnage assembled, and we still live under the dominion of the Second Empire. Seriously, the disturbances, contemptible as they were, are at an end; and in despite of the rumours as to the plot which has been discovered against the Government, to say nothing of that against the lives of the Emperor and his ministers, I am induced to believe that it is a case of *vox et præterea nihil*. The assassination of the agent of police by Mégy has, in my opinion, been made a great deal too much of; and even if the story be true as to this new conspiracy—we must not be blamed if we are slow to believe in it, at least until some official statement in support of it be given to the world—after the times without number that Messrs. Billault and Rouher have cried wolf.

What, however, most occupies the attention of the public at the present moment, is the course which M. Ollivier's government intend to adopt as to the reform of those laws which they promised to attack on their entering into power: I allude to the Law of General Safety, the Law of Electoral Reform, the Article 75 of the Constitution of the year VIII., and last, but by no means least, the problem of de-centralisation. They have been now nearly eight weeks in office, and yet what steps have they taken to carry any of these reforms into effect? It is true that they have had to struggle with difficulties which no human forethought could have provided for, in the affair at Auteuil, and all its sad consequences; but these alone might have been disposed of far more summarily. The discussion on the commercial treaties has also, of course, taken up a deal of time, and the power of introducing Bills by Members of the Chamber has been used by them to more than its fair extent—as is always the case with a right which has been for some time denied and then restored. Nevertheless, it behoves the government at once to set earnestly to work with the reforms which I have mentioned, for their enemies of the right, and of the left, are already picking holes in their armour: the former trying to show the Emperor that under personal government order was better kept, and as much legislation effected, while the latter state boldly that ministers having got into office mean to throw their former friends and promises over-board, and to become like so many of their predecessors—mere machines in the hands of the Court party. Unprejudiced persons cannot help repeating to themselves that it was the impotence of Parliamentary Government which brought on the revolution of '48, and that the *coup d'etat* of the 2nd December would never have succeeded had it not been for the weakness of the Parliamentary Government of the (really) Provisional Republic of '48. It is to be hoped that this third attempt at Parliamentary Government may prove more successful, for circumstances have never been so favourable for its growth; and if the Government will only make up their minds to be firm and unswayed by dictation, either from above or from below, to stick to their original programme, they may achieve a success which will put an end to the changes of governments and dynasties, which have been such a cruel reproach to France ever since the revolution of 1789. Political matters are not much in my line, but it is impossible to write from Paris anything which pretends to be a chronicle of the events of the week, without devoting a large amount of one's space to them, for so feverish is the state of Paris at the present moment, that they are the theme of discussion, not only in every club and restaurant, but in every *salon* as well, to an extent which you in England are fortunately strangers.

Being such a strong believer in fatalism, the Emperor must feel rather pleased that Pius IX. cannot, in all probability, live many years longer; for the name of Pius as Pope seems a necessary corollary to revolution in France. Louis XVI. was guillotined during the reign of Pius VI.; Napoleon I. destroyed the Republic in the reign of Pius VII.; the fall of the First Empire occurred during the pontiffship of the same Pope; Charles X. was dethroned in the time of Pius VIII., whilst Louis Philippe lost his crown under Pius IX.

The Court at Brussels has committed for trial at the Hainault Assizes, Jacques Dessons le Moustier, who is accused of having assassinated, at Hornu, the three brothers, Nicholas, Gustave, and Joseph Thirion, from each of whom he had also stolen a large sum of money. He is also accused of having poisoned his step-father and his wife; and from the evidence which has already been made public, there seems no moral doubt that he was guilty of each of these five murders, under circumstances, too, of horrible atrocity. The three brothers, it is supposed, he got to his house one after the other in the space of a few weeks, under the pretence of treating for the sale of sheep, in which he was a dealer,—to have stupified them with some drugged rum, and to have assassinated them, and thrown their bodies into a well, which he afterwards built in. His wife and stepfather he poisoned for the purpose of obtaining sums of money for which he had insured their lives.

The danger to the public liberty of our present laws on the subject of the confinement of lunatics, was very forcibly illustrated by a circumstance which occurred the other day. An officer on half-pay, one M. Puyparlier, was decoyed to a restaurant by some two or three men, who pretended that they wanted to buy some furniture which he had for sale, and on leaving there in a cab he woke up to find himself in Charenton. A friend of his fortunately heard of it a few days afterwards, and proceeded to the asylum, when he found that he had been admitted on the demand of his family. His family consisted solely of a cousin and two nieces, who inhabit Limousin, and know nothing as to these proceedings. It would appear to have been his wife, who had been unsuccessful in a suit for separation from her husband, that had employed some one to get him shut up as a madman. Had not the friend of the husband found out by the merest accident what had taken place, M. Puyparlier might have been in Charenton for months, perhaps for years. Surely some better means might be devised for securing one from being cooped up in a *maison de santé*.

Apropos of the disturbances in Paris last Monday week, let me tell you a rather good story of the director of the Belleville Theatre. The brawlers bethought themselves of his theatre for a supply of arms, as there was a piece being played there in which a large quantity of rifles was required. On arriving there, they find that the news of their approach has preceded them, and they see all the male portion of the *troupe* drawn up in battle array, arms in hand. The director being asked for them by the insurgents, replied, like a second Leonidas, "Come and take them!" The first man advanced a step, and the director calls out, "Take aim!" He advanced a second step, and the director exclaims, "Fire!" The troop of rascals turn tail as the hammers come down with a click, and the director calls them back, and shows them that the arms they had come for were as real as the champagne and truffles which his actors were served with on the stage.

A fresh display of English good sense and *verre* in one of our restaurants. An Englishman who was not very well up in French, but who had no idea of displaying his lack of it, shows the waiter, with his fingers, the first line of the *carte*. The waiter brings him a *purée*. So far good. After he had finished it, he put his finger to the second line. The waiter understood perfectly, and brought him some *Julienne*. He fancied a second plate of soup was a little too much, but swallowed it without much inconvenience. His thumb then pointed to the third line, and the waiter brings him some cabbage soup. The perspiration began to burst out on his temples, but he took it all down in despair, and, signalling for the waiter, showed him the fourth line. The waiter returns with some *potage bisque*. The people near him began to open their eyes, and our friend to think that they would suppose he had lost all his teeth; so, to get well away from the soups, he pointed to the last line on the *carte*. The waiter hurries off, and returns with a—packet of toothpicks! The Englishman nearly went out of his senses with confusion, throws down a twenty-franc piece, and bolts from the room to return by the evening train to England.

The social world is beginning to make up for lost time. During the past ten days entertainments have been rather numerous and good. At the Hotel de Ville M. Chevneau, who is a poet in a small way himself, gave a very pleasant reception, where some very fair pieces were recited, particularly the "Reves Ambitieux," by Josephine Soulary. Strange to say, there were several representatives of the Faubourg St. Germain present, an event almost as wonderful as if they had been seen at the Tuileries. Can it be that there is to be an *entente cordiale* established between the two sides of the water?

The dinners of Count Darn and of the Comte de Stacwelberg have been also much talked about. At the latter's entertainment there were a host of beautiful women, including the Marquise de Gallifet, Madame Beugnot, a daughter of our Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Duchess of Newcastle, whose grace and beauty is the talk of society this season in Paris. Madame de Metternich has not been so conspicuous as usual: I hear because she is much put out at having to leave her hotel in the Rue Grenelle, which is required as a ministerial residence for M. Richane. There are, however, other reasons for her comparative seclusion, which will last for a few months only. Prince and Princess Napoleon gave a state dinner on Monday, and the ball of the Minister of War took place on Friday last. Madame de Behague also had a large ball on Tuesday, [at which, amongst others, was to be seen the Duke of Brunswick, fresh from his victory over the *Figaro*, and so studded with diamonds that he looked Mellevio's shop window, while he had the appearance of having been shaved from head to foot—as, in fact, he is every day—and of having been painted with great minuteness of detail, if not with talent.

I have just heard that the preliminary enquiry into the *affaire* Pierre Buonaparte terminated yesterday, and that we shall hear on Saturday the result—that is, whether he is committed for trial, or whether, to use an English term of law, the Grand Jury throw the bill out. For the interests not only of justice, but of the Emperor, let us hope the former.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

THE postponement of Lincoln Meeting to yesterday and to-day entirely precludes the possibility of my offering any remarks on the sport to be enjoyed (?) at this earliest fixture. It would be equally fruitless for me to hazard a conjecture as to the issue of the events which may possibly be decided at Derby, Newton, Carmarthen, and Croydon during the ensuing week. The weather, and the doings at Lincoln, as to both of which I am equally ignorant, will so materially influence those transactions that I shall, I believe, be exercising a sound discretion in letting well alone.

Forecast.

RACING AND STEEPLECHASE FIXTURES.

FEBRUARY.

Birmingham Steeplechases 21	Harrow Spring 17, 18
Derby Spring..... 22, 23	Newton Spring 25, 26

MARCH.

Nottingham Spring..... 1, 2	G.Millitary & Rugby H. 16, 17
Liverpool Spring 8, 9, 10	Warwick Spring ... 22, 23, 24
Pontefract & W. Riding 14, 15	Enfield 25
Cambridgeshire..... 14, 15	Epsom Spring 29, 30
Co. Down Steeplechases 15, 16	Bromley 31, 1
West Somerset Steeplechases 16, 17	Cheltenham Steeplechases 31, 1

APRIL.

Northampton 5, 6	Kingsbury..... 18, 19
Southdown Hunt 6	Kildare Hunt 19, 20
Thirsk Spring 7, 8	Hambledon 22
West Drayton Spring.. 7, 8	Lewes Spring 26, 27
Aldershot Steeplechases 7, 8	Croydon Spring..... 28, 29
Durham 18, 19	Rothbory 28
Newmarket Craven ... 18–22	

MAY.

Newmarket 1st Spring 2—6	Baldoyle 17, 18
Chester 10, 11, 12, 13	Doncaster Spring 19, 20
Winchester 10, 11	Harpenden 20
Co. Louth & Ardee S.C. 10, 11	Bath 24, 25
Salisbury 12, 13	Croydon 1st Summer... 26
Chelmsford 17, 18	Stamford 26, 27
York Spring 17, 18	Epsom Summer ... 31, 1, 2, 3

JUNE.

Wye 7	Newcastle-on-Tyne 21, 22, 23
Manchester..... 8, 9, 10	Newton Summer... 22, 23, 24
Croydon 2nd Summer 8, 9, 10	Hampton Summer..... 23, 24
Ascot..... 14, 15, 16, 17	Bibury Club 29
Windsor June 21, 22	Stockbridge 30, 1

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Antagonistic, although oft combined,
They both rely upon the "stable mind."
Where the prey is, the vultures you will find.

1

Heard on the racecourse; seen upon the road;
In wayside hostelry, a snug abode.

2

Here at my ease I sit beside my charmer;
Home of the homeless, and—the melodrama.

3

Most rife in London, yet destroyed by smut;
A friend to all men, yet by all men cut.

4

I'm afloat, I'm afloat,
In the smuggler's taut boat.
For further credentials apply to your throat.

5

With lofty crest, and arms out-stretching wide,
Beneath the shade lies many a dappled hide.

6

I 'm often a man about town;
Just as frequently, too, I 'm a priest;
I have worn of most countries the crown;
Some envy, some call me a beast.

7

Of this, the sentimental Germans say—
"Scheiden, ach Scheiden, Scheiden thut weh."

SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC IN LAST NUMBER.

L	ustru M
I	mogen E
N	or E*
C	orrec T
O	u I
L	io N
N	a G

* The buoy at the.

HINTS TO THE ANONYMOUS.

c. by King John—Gaiety ..... *Hollingshead.*
c. by Neptunus—Bouquet ..... *Iodine.*
c. by Tom Bowline—Gay Lass ..... *Jack Ashore.*
c. by Claret—Stitched-up ..... *Wineskin.*
c. by Crater—Tattoo ..... *Drum and Cone.*
c. by Cape Flyaway—Sham Fight ..... *Deserter.*
c. by St. Albans—Inspiration ..... *Mackonochie.*
f. by Cape Flyaway—Prelude ..... *Diceway.*

EXCITING BILLIARD MATCH.

ON Thursday night, at the Blackfriars Club, a very close match was played between John Roberts, son of the ex-champion, and Joseph Bennett, the proprietor of the St. James's Hall Billiard Rooms. The feature about this contest was that the spot stroke was barred, and as it was played on an ordinary table, this peculiar *forte* of the great players was put *hors de combat*. Roberts has attained a reputation second only to Cook as a brilliant hazard striker, and he has more than once beaten Cook on level terms; he is, however, by no means a steady player, and at times follows in the track of his father for gallery strokes. Of late he has been doing a great deal of starring in the provinces, and has somewhat steadied down in his style of play. Bennett is considered more of an all-round player than any of the other first-class men, his losing hazard and strength strokes are allowed to be his *forte*, and on his own table it is no uncommon event to see him make a score of losing hazards off the same ball. The spot stroke being barred, gave him in public form rather the advantage, and the result of the game proved it.

The attendance was large, and speculation brisk. Bennett was the first to lead off with 41, but Roberts with 35 and minor breaks ran up to 355 against Bennett's 193; here 3 to 1 was laid on him. Bennett now made 76 and then 40, and passed Roberts at 500 to 489, when Roberts, passing him again, backed himself at 3 to 2, a piece of imprudence which he afterwards found out to his cost, as Bennett at 642 ran up 54, and then with 69 reached 831 to 730. At 809 Roberts made a fine break of 87, the best of the evening, and got to 896 to Bennett's 915, when the latter crept up and ran out with 32, winning by 74 points.

Roberts has already challenged Cook for the championship, and has posted a deposit, so that in a short time the son will attempt to revenge the defeat of the father, for whom it is in contemplation to get up a benefit shortly.

SKETCH OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

BY "THE FORESTER."

IT is now some twenty years ago, if my memory serves me right, that I received a letter of invitation from an old friend of my father's to spend a short time with him at his shooting-box in one of the wildest parts of Hampshire; and as the recollection of those happy hours are still fresh in my memory, I shall endeavour to describe them, and give a slight sketch of a man who was universally acknowledged to be one of the finest sportsmen of his day.

"Eheu fugaces labuntur anni," I am almost tempted to exclaim as I put my pen to paper, and my early recollections of this extraordinary man come crowding to my memory. I can see him now as I saw him in my boyhood for the first time, on my return home for my holidays, when I was introduced to him by my father, and bid to take him for the pattern of my conduct. At Eton, where he and my father were boys together, his boat was at the head of the river, and he was captain. At Oxford, where they both subsequently went, he pulled the stroke oar of his college boat; did as much reading as was necessary for him to take his degree; rode the Oxford hacks like no man ever did before, or has, I fancy, ever done since; and left, in due course of time, to take that position in society for which he was so eminently fitted. An unfortunate pecuniary loss that befel him shortly after he left Oxford compelled him to give up his stud, and to relinquish the, for him, too expensive amusement of hunting: leaving him—from his impoverished means the only solace for one of his temperament—the resources of shooting and fishing. Like every true sportsman, his genial disposition made him ever fond of mixing in society, where his hearty laugh and good-humoured *bonhommie* won him the hearts of all classes of society; whilst his generous liberality to those in poorer circumstances was the means of making him many firm as well as humble friends. There is, perhaps, no man living so well able to feel for the miseries of others as your real, true, genuine sportsman: it is immaterial to me whether he be English or French, Greek or Turk, for that matter: be he but a sportsman in the true acceptation of the word, and I defy him to be a bad character. Can the annals of the past and the present, or the pettifogging, puerile, bread-and-butter sophists of the day produce one single instance where the widow or the orphan have been turned away from the poorest sportsman's door unsatisfied? or the tattered rags of poverty and misery received no alms from the hands of a sportsman when the case was one deserving of assistance? But to return. My friend, whilst in the zenith of his good fortune, had formed an attachment to a young lady without means, and, like a great and noble heart, he refused, on the destruction of his fortune, to drag one down to share what he at least imagined was poverty: whom he had ever loved to picture, happy in the possession of wealth and comfort. Be that as it may, I am not going to attempt to analyze what the feelings were that prompted him to remain a bachelor to the day of his death; I am content to accept them as good ones.

My friend was not gifted with that herculean frame that people love to associate with the form of a sportsman; nor do I think it necessary, or, indeed, conducive to success, that such should be the case. His height might have been about 5 ft. 9 in., and his frame as a young man must have been more active than muscular. My first recollections of it are associated with a light wiry frame, clad in flannel, standing at the wicket on the village green; no pads or gloves; the bat held lightly, but firmly, in the hand; and as a half volley was bowled to his knee, the opening of the shoulders, the crack of the ball as it went for *four* into the tent where the village minister was scoring; and the "Well hit," "Run it out," of the villagers, as they cheered the squire's friend. My next recollections are associated with that form somewhat inclined to corpulency, clad in a shooting-jacket, with, to my boyish fancy, "no end of a lot of pockets," neat drab breeches and gaiters, and an ivory whistle hanging from a button-hole—one of the much-coveted things of my youth. How he showed me his gun; how kindly he spoke to his dogs; and how, when in the fifty acres of turnip at the back of the home farm, old "Flash" stood like a rock in a headland, he walked slowly up to her, although she was at least three hundred yards from him, and taking his gun quietly from under his arm, *cocked it*, and bade her kindly "go on;" how, as the first bird rose nearly under his feet, he let it go a bit, and then brought it down handsomely, killing a bird with his second barrel as the explosion of the first rose them; how I looked for Flash, and could not see her, because she was on her belly amongst the turnips, afraid to move till the click of the locks should tell her the caps were going on; and how his cheering voice told me to go and pick up the birds, knowing how much I should enjoy such an office: all these are still vividly impressed upon me. How he begged of my father to let me ride the pony with the postboy into the village that morning, and then slily met me at the cross-roads, took the bag from me, and told me the harriers met half a mile further: that he would walk to the village with the letters, whilst I was to harden my heart, sit down on my saddle, and catch hold of the bridle as he said, being the last injunctions he gave me. How proud I was when I met him returning, with my clothes torn, my face bleeding, one finger broken, and a girth gone; *but the hare's scut in my cap*. Shall I, too, ever forget that display of manly courage, and the humanity that prompted it, when, driving upon one occasion to the station, a brewer struck a favourite retriever dog a cruel cut with his whip; he made me hold the reins, got down from the neat Whitechapel cart, with the honestest cob in England in the shafts, and requested the great hulking yokel to apologise or take a thrashing: how, upon the refusal of the man, he quietly unbuttoned his gloves, took off his white boxcoat and shooting-jacket, and showed the brewer that science, backed up by courage and right, can thrash anything twice its weight. Let me, too, pause to describe to my readers how I have seen him at the river's side, his book ever ready for any angler's inspection—*aye, even the giving of the cast of flies* he was killing with; his flask and tobacco-pouch at any one's disposal, and his basket always well filled, if there was an outside chance of filling it. How I have gone with him, on his return home after a day's sport, to see the pony fed; and the dogs have their one meal in the day; and then, the last thing at night, how he has sat at the table with his humble household around him, reading the Word of God, and praying that his sins and shortcomings might be forgiven. How often on a Sunday have I watched that form, so full of fire and energy, standing meekly and reverently in the House of his Maker, and by his example showing those around him what true devotional piety was.

I have little more to say. May the humble tribute I have paid to the memory of a departed friend be not considered uninstructive to those who read it; and may we all, when

> "The day's work of this life is done,
> Lay by the trusty gun,"

having done as little wrong, and having been guilty of as few "moral inhumanities," as the subject of these few lines; and should, perchance, those who cry out against the supposed cruelty of field sports read this memoir, let them ask themselves the question, if to the character I have just described could be laid the crime of cruelty or inhumanity.

Advertisements.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.
Under the Sole Management of Mr. A. Harris.
LAST NIGHT OF THE PANTOMIME.
THIS EVENING (Saturday), Feb. 19th, will be performed Offenbach's Operetta, LISCHEN and FRITZCHEN. Lischen, Miss Julia Mathews; Fritzchen, Mr. Wilford Morgan. After which, at a quarter to eight, the new and Grand Spectacular Pantomime, entitled THE YELLOW DWARF; or, Harlequin Cupid and the King of the Gold Mines. The scenery by Messrs. Hawes Craven, Julian Hicks, Dayes and Caney; also by Messrs. W. Telbin and W. Telbin, jun. Principal characters by Mesdames Julia Mathews, Nelly Power, Craven, Esta, Love, Mrs. A. Cook, and Misses Nelly and Maria Harris; Messrs. J. D. Stoyle, A. Cook, H. Payne, F. Payne, and W. H. Payne. Première danseuse, Mdlle. Blanche Ricois. The divertissement and dances arranged by M. Desplaces. Costumes designed by Matt Morgan. The music composed and selected by Mr. Betjemann. The Box-office is open from ten till five. The Pantomime commences at a quarter to eight, and terminates at eleven.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven, and terminate at eleven.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Morning Performance THIS DAY (Saturday)—doors open at half-past one, commence at two—and every Wednesday and Saturday until Saturday, February 26, inclusive. Children and schools at reduced prices to the following parts of the theatre:—First circle, dress circle, and stalls. Box-office open from ten till five daily.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—NOTICE.—Notwithstanding the great success of this Pantomime, the Public is respectfully informed that it CANNOT be PERFORMED after SATURDAY, Feb. 26, in consequence of arrangements having been made for an entire change of performances on Monday, Feb. 28. Therefore, to prevent disappointment, an early application for seats is earnestly requested. Box-office open from ten till five daily.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST; or, Harlequin Old Mother Bunch. Written by E. L. Blanchard. The characteristic scenery by Mr. Wm. Beverley.—THIS EVENING, at 7.45.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Characters in the opening:—Misses Jessie Vokes, Victoria Vokes, Rosina Vokes, Kate Santley, Hudspeth, Hastings, and Harriet Coveney; Messrs. Fred Vokes, Brittain Wright, W. Fawdon Vokes, and F. Moreland.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Clowns, H. Boleno and Little Rowella. Pantaloons, Paul Herring and J. Morris. Harlequins, S. Saville and W. Fawdon Vokes. Columbines, Misses Grosvenor and Jessie Vokes. Harlequina, Miss Rosina Vokes. Price's Christy's Minstrels. Peterson's Performing Dogs. Le Petit Rarey and his Performing Pony. The celebrated Manley Family. The smallest Brass Band in the World, by the Members of the Tyler Family.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Fanciful Ballets, arranged by Mr. John Cormack. Characteristic music, selected by Mr. W. C. Levey. Produced under the direction of Mr. Edward Stirling.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THE MONKEYS.—The most intelligent in all the world, trained by Professor Cormack, B.M., T.R.D.L.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

WIMBLEDON CAMP.—The London Scottish, London Irish, Queen's Westminster, St. George's Rifles, Working Man's Corps, and Royal Artillery efficiently represented by the Drury-lane Juvenile Army of Volunteers, drilled by Brigadier-General Cormack, of the Retired List.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET —MR. SOTHERN'S Reappearance in the character of Lord Dundreary, for Seven Nights only, in consequence of the production of a Rustic Comedy on Monday, Feb. 28, by H. T. Craven, Esq. Mr. Buckstone will resume his original character of Asa Trenchard.—THIS EVENING, at Seven, A KISS IN THE DARK. After which, at 7.40, OUR AMERICAN COUSIN: Characters by Mr. Sothern, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Braid, Mr. Rogers; Mrs. Chippendale, Miss F. Wright, Miss F. Gwynne, Miss E. Hill, &c. Concluding with DEAF AS A POST: Mr. Compton and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Novelty and Attraction.—Great success of the new and original Adelphi Drama, by T. W. Robertson, author of "School," "Caste," &c., called "The Nightingale." Third Appearance at this Theatre of Mr. Henry J. Byron in his popular new Comic Drama of "Not such a Fool as he Looks." The late Robert Brough's new and original Farce, "Open to Conviction." Every Evening.—THIS EVENING, at seven, OPEN TO CONVICTION. Characters by Messrs. G. Belmore, C. H. Stephenson, J. D. Beveridge, C. J. Smith, Miss Lennox Grey, and Mrs. Leigh Murray. After which, at 7.45, third time at this Theatre, Mr. H. J. Byron's new and original Comic Drama, NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS: Sir Simon Simple, Mr. Henry J. Byron; Mr. G. Belmore, Mr. J. D. Beveridge, Mr. C. H. Stephenson; Miss Lavis (her third appearance), Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss Maria Harris. To be followed by the popular Adelphi Drama, in five acts, by T. W. Robertson, author of "School," "Caste," "Society," &c., entitled THE NIGHTINGALE. Characters by Mr. Benjamin Webster, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, J. D. Beveridge, Miss Eliza Johnstone, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. Caulfield, and Miss Furtado. Box-office open from ten till five; no fees for booking.

THE NIGHTINGALE, the new and original Drama, by T. W. Robertson, Author of "Caste," "Society," "School," &c.—THIS EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.—Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Miss Furtado.—THIS EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

MR. H. J. BYRON, THIS EVENING, in his popular personation of SIR SIMON SIMPLE.—ADELPHI THEATRE.

OPEN TO CONVICTION, a glorious new and original Farce, by the late Robert Brough.—EVERY EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Under the Management of Miss M. Oliver—her Farewell Season at this Theatre. 7.30, LOVE'S DOCTOR; 9.0, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN and RELY ON MY DISCRETION. Mr. Vernon.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Under the Management of the Messrs. Mansell (elegantly redecorated by MacIntosh).
THIS EVENING, the performances will commence at half-past seven, with TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER: Messrs. Coghlan, Odell, Wilmot; Mesdames Rignold and Morgan. After which, a three-act Opera Bouffe, in English, entitled CHILPERIC, by Hervé, in which the following powerful company will appear:—Messrs. M. Marius (from the Folies Dramatiques, Paris), G. Vincent, J. Odell, E. Lapierre, Farquharson, Coghlan, and M. Hervé; Mesdames Dolaro, FitzInman, Romanelli, Nellie Nesbitt, M. Dolby, S. Rignold, S. Lawson, L. Morgan, J. Lee, D'Etienne, B. Linden, L. Wilson, R. Egerton, Lily Bell, and Emily Muir. Band and chorus selected from the Opera Houses. Conductor, Mr. Frank Musgrave. Groupings and Ballet by Milano. Dresses by Mr. S. May and assistants. Scenery by Grieve and Son. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven. Box-office open daily, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

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ASTLEY'S.—MAZEPPA, the Lovely LILLIAN.

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ASTLEY'S.—LAST SIX NIGHTS of

ASTLEY'S.—PANTOMIME and MAZEPPA.

QUEEN'S.—Great and Legitimate Success of Tom Taylor's Historical Play, in Five Acts, 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, The Lady Elizabeth. With entirely new Scenery by Messrs. George Gorden and W. Phillips. Orchestra stalls, 7s.

QUEEN'S—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—Mr. Rousby. Mr. Ryder, Mr. H. Marston, Mr. W. Bedford, Mr. G. Rignold, Mr. A. Nelson, Miss Georgina Pauncefort, Miss M. Henderson, Mrs. H. Vandenhoff, and Mrs. Rousby. Balcony, 5s.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—The Great Gallery at St. James's—The Tower Room in the Lieutenant's Lodgings—Great Hall of Hatfield House. Box stalls, 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, The Lady Elizabeth. Mr. and Mrs. Rousby every evening.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—Places can be booked a fortnight in advance. Box-office open daily from ten till five.

PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Miss MARIE WILTON.—THIS EVENING at eight o'clock, will be performed SCHOOL, written by T. W. Robertson, the author of "Society," "Ours," "Caste," and "Play." Messrs. Hare, H. J. Montague, Addison, Glover, and Bancroft; Mrs. Buckingham White, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Miss Blanche Wilton. Act 1. Recreation. Act 2. Examination. Act 3. Flirtation. Act 4. Realisation. The scenery has been repainted by Mr. Hawes Craven. At 7.30, DEAREST MAMMA. Messrs. Addison, Montgomery, Terriss. Mesdames B. White, Augusta and B. Wilton. Conclude with QUITE BY ACCIDENT. Messrs. Montague, Collette, and Miss Addison. Box-office hours eleven till five.

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